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CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT'S FAREWELL MESSAGE

(Continued from Page 13.)

Zealand This was the sale of his story.

He declined to make any private profit from the transaction and decided the total receipts should go to increase the finances of his men in the dangers of the Antarctic. It was arranged that all sums from the story of the adventure should be distributed among the members of the crew as a surprise benefit on their return to England.

Mrs. Scott is assured of a good pension from the British government.

A memorial service for Captain Scott and his companions is to be held at St. Paul's cathedral on Friday.

Flags in all parts of London are flying at half mast today.

The tragedy of Captain Robert F. Scott's Antarctic expedition was referred to today in the house of commons by Premier Asquith. Speaking with evident emotion he said:

"We all at this moment are under the deep impression created by the reading of the last message to the world left by Captain Scott. It is one of the most moving and pathetic utterances in the annals of history, the message of a brave and enduring man in the face of a most tragic death. His career was one of self-sacrifice. We can only say that his appeal will not fall on deaf ears."

The premier was so deeply moved that his words were almost inaudible. His closing sentence indicates that the government will take care of the dependents of the dead members of the expedition.

A THRILLING PICTURE

Chicago, Feb. 11.—A thrilling picture of the manner in which Robert F. Scott and his four companions met death on the ice barrier close to the earth's southern extremity was painted vividly by Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the south pole, who was in Chicago today.

"It is hard to say just what happened," said the Norwegian explorer, "but we can imagine, perhaps, although it is horrible. We know, of course, that it happened about the seventy-ninth parallel and that they were down on the barrier and not on the plateau.

"Certainly they were exhausted and starving. It may be that they had some scurvy among them—who can say? At any rate they were not in a fit condition to meet the terrible blizzard when it came.

"Not that blizzards are unusual. Scott was prepared for blizzards, for he was no amateur. One may always expect blizzards in that country, but there they were—those poor forlorn fellows—straggling along without even their ponies to draw their sledges, for they had sent back their last ponies when they had reached a point 150 miles from the pole on the journey southward.

"They were drawing their own sledges, weakened though they must have been. They had no dogs, and that was a mistake, I am afraid. And always before them there stretched this awful waste of ice. Can you see it? It is flat ice, stretching right across the country in long glassy undulations—stretching away so far, and wide the eye can not bear to follow it, and across the frozen surface sweeps the furious wind. The great flat plateau is continually swept by these blasts."

Captain Amundsen passed his hand before his eyes.

"And there they died," he said softly. "Of course Evans, Petty Officer Evans, had died already. He fell on the ice. But the others must have died within a short time of ex-

Men

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